

T H E

11555. d. 18

PRAISE of PEACE.

A

P O E M.

In Three C A N T O S.

From the *Dutch* of M. VAN HAREN, one of the Deputies
of the Province of *West-Friesland* in the Assembly of their
High Mightinesses the *States General*.

*Et nomen Pacis dulce est, ipsa res salutaris, sed inter Pacem
& Servitutem plurimum interest. Pax est tranquilla Libertas,
Servitus autem malorum omnium extremum non modo bello, sed
etiam morte repellendum.* CICERO.

Non ante revellar
Quam te exanimem spectem Roma, tuumque,
Nomen Libertas, & inanem prosequar umbram!

LUCAN.

By Mr B O T S E.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. DODD, near Temple-Bar.

MDCCXLII.

PRINCE OF BERNARD

A

P O B M.

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N O T E S.

C A N T O I.

(1) **C**ADMUS is said to have sow'd the Earth with Dragon's Teeth, from which rose arm'd Men, who destroy'd each other.

(2) The Goddess of *Justice*.

(3) The *Cock* alluding to *France*.

(4) The *Crescent* is the military and religious Ensign of the *Turks*.

(5) *Crusados*, ridiculous as they have been represented, were less prejudicial to *Europe* than the Wars at present are.

(6) The present Seats of War in *Europe*.

(7) *Palinurus* was Pilot to the *Trojans* in their Voyage to *Italy* under *Aeneas*, and was drown'd on the Coast of *Naples*.

(8) (9) The Situation of this Abode of the God of *Sleep*, and the making *Silence* his Queen, is highly poetical, and well imagin'd.

(10) The *Owl*.

(*) That Dreams are effected by the Interposition of Spirits is a Notion the Reader may see largely explained and defended by a modern Philosopher, the ingenious Mr *Baxter*, in his excellent Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul.

(11) The *Sylphs* are, according to the Doctrine of *Rosicrucius*, the most agreeable and friendly of the four Orders of Spirits that inhabit our Atmosphere. They are composed of *aerial Particles* unmix'd.

(12) The *Salamanders* are composed of *Fire*, and have few Females amongst them.

(13) The *Gnomes* are made of terrestrial Effluvia, and inhabit the subterraneous Parts of the Globe, as *Mines*, &c. They are of a dark malicious Disposition. For a further Account of these see Mr *Pope's Rape of the Lock*, and the Count *de Gabalais*.

(14) *Cicero's* Vigilancy defeated the most dangerous Conspiracy *Rome* was ever threaten'd with.

(15) This alludes to the Motives alleged by the *French* Party in *Holland* against the Promotion of General Officers.

(16) The Assurances of *France*, to draw the States into the proposed Neutrality.

C A N T O II.

(1) The Field of *Mars* was the Place where all publick Exercises were performed.

(2) *Pontus*

N O T E S.

(2) *Pontus*, in the *Euxine Sea*, whither most of the worthy Romans were banish'd by *Julius* and *Augustus*. It was the Place of *Ovid's* Exile.

(3) *Colys* or the Goddess of *Pleasure* had a Temple at *Athens*, where her Mysteries were celebrated by Night in a most infamous Manner.

(4) *Curius*, one of the antient Heroes of *Rome*.

(5) *Roman* Consuls, whose *Valor* and *Integrity* are well known.

(6) *Jacka est alea* said *Cæsar* when he pass'd the *Rubicon*. A hazardous War is certainly preferable to a fatal Security.

(7) *Vixit. Causa. Dñs placuit, sed villa* *Catonis*.

(8) *Catanea*, a City in *Sicily* at the Foot of Mount *Ætna*, which has often suffered by the Eruptions of that *Volcano*, particularly in 1669. On the Coast between this and *Syracuse* the Spanish Fleet was destroy'd by Sir *Geo. Byng*, Anno 1719.

(9) The Battle of *Pharsalia* determined the Fate of *Rome*, and put the last Period to her Liberty.

C A N T O III.

(1) The first Prince of *Orange*, who greatly defended his Country from the *Spaniards*, and was assassinated by a *Burgundian*; he lies buried at *Delft*.

(2) *Van Trompe*, famous for his naval Exploits. He was kill'd in an Engagement with the *English* Fleet under *Blake* in 1654. see his Epitaph, *Gentleman's Mag.* Vol. X. p. 618.

(3) *Van Essens* and *Van Galen*, two *Dutch* Admirals, who died in the Service of their Country.

(4) *K. William III.* who saved his Country on the Brink of Ruin in 1672, and in 1688 rescu'd *Britain* from the Danger of arbitrary Power.

(5) A wise and vigilant Administration is seldom troubled with Conspiracies.

(6) The *Palladium* was the Image on whose Conservation the Safety of *Troy* depended.

(7) The Motto of *Caligula* applied, *Oderint dum metuant*.

(8) This Line is taken from Mr *Waller*.

(9) This alludes to the generous Support the States received from our great *Q. Elizabeth* in their first Struggles for Liberty.

(10) The Intrigues of the *French* Ambassador, the *M. of Fenehon*, at the *Hague*.

C A N T O IV.

(1) The *Liberty* of *Spain* was the Place where all *Spanish* Liberty was lost.





TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

George Montagu-Dunk,

EARL of HALIFAX.

MY LORD,



HO' the *Muses* have an hereditary Claim to the Protection of your illustrious Family, yet I doubt if my own Presumption would ever have embolden'd me to hope so great an Honour ; but when I take the Liberty to intreat your Patronage for a *Noble Foreigner*, a firm Assertor of Liberty and the Interest of his Country, the Subject itself naturally leads me
to

DEDICATION.

to prefix to it the Name of my LORD HA-
LIFAX.

The *Images* in this Piece are so striking, the *Scenery* so well conducted, and the *Reflections* so natural and just, that they do equal Honour to the *Patriot* and the *Poet*; and,—indeed, when these two Characters are thus happily combin'd, they communicate a mutual Lustre to each other. That *Poetry* can never be employ'd in a more glorious Cause than that of *Liberty*, appears from Mr *Thomson's* incomparable *Essays* on that Subject. I may add, that in the Opinion of a noble Critic, even *Horace* himself, (if left to the Freedom of Choice,) had rather have sung the Praises of a *Brutus*, than paid the servile Adulation he has done to an * *Augustus*. But when the Stream of arbitrary Power carried all down before it, it was no wonder if the *Poet* comply'd with the Times, and sought to repair the

For-

* See my LORD SHAFTSBURY'S *Characteristicks*, Vol. I.

DEDICATION.

Fortune he had lost in a better Cause, by making Friends of those in Power.

How far I have done Justice, my LORD, to M. *Van Haren's* excellent Performance, must be left to your superior Judgment; I can only say, I have, as much as possible, endeavour'd to preserve the Spirit of the Original, by keeping *Horace's* Rule in view.*

I might here, with pleasure, my LORD, expatiate on a Character at once so amiable and uncommon, as that of LORD HALIFAX, whose Dawn of publick Life gives such well-grounded Expectations of Virtue and Integrity, and whose Conduct at his first Appearance in the *Senate*, was such as gain'd him even the Applauses of those whose Principles he opposed.— But I forbear a Task I am sensible is superior to my Abilities, and shall content myself with the most sincere Wishes, that your Lordship may
long

* *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres, neque desilies Imitator in artum,
Unde Pedem-proferre Pudor vetet ac operis Lex.*

DEDICATION.

long continue an illustrious Ornament to your Country, and a constant Assertor of her true Interest and Liberties ; and that the kindred Zeal of you and your illustrious *Friend*, the Earl of SANDWICH, may awaken that Spirit of Honour and Dignity that once distinguish'd our *British* Nobility. I am, with inviolable Respect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient

Faithful Servant,

S. BOYSE.



THE
PRAISE of PEACE.
CANTO I.

*O nimium cælo, & Pelago confise sereno,
Nudus in ignotâ, Palinure! jacebis arenâ.*

VIRG. Æn. V.



Daughter of Jove ! CALLIOPE divine,

Round whose fair Brow ambrosial

Flowrets shine !

Descend, bright *Muse*, display thy radiant Face,

And teach the Lyre to sing the Sweets of PEACE !

Let others paint th'exalted *Hero's* State, 5

Alike in Conquest, or Misfortune great ;

A more distinguished *Theme* attracts my Choice,

Celestial *Freedom* animates my Voice ;

B

To

To warn my native Land from Perils shown,
 To shew that *Peace* is *Liberty's* alone ! 10
 To bid her eye the gathering Storm afar,
 And timely wise prepare for distant War :
 For BELGIA's Sake I tune th' historic Lyre,
 Nor ask a dearer Motive to inspire ;
 My sole Ambition is the *Patriot's* Name, 15
 My Country's Welfare,--- all I ask of Fame !

But hark ! what martial Sounds my Ear surprise ?
 What dreadful Shouts ! and intermingled Cries !
 Why waves Destruction her infernal Brand ?
 And scatters wild Affright thro' *Europe's* Land ! 20
 Scarce has she felt an Interval of Rest,
 When new Commotions heave her troubled Breast !
 Or is the Age of CADMUS (1) come again ?
 When iron Harvests blait the verdant Plain.

'Tis wild *Ambition*, deaf to *Nature's* Call, 25
 'Tis she, curst Goddess, is the Cause of all !
 No social Ties can bind her lawless Force,
 No Faith, no Justice stop her furious Course !
 From

From *Beauty's* Arms reluctant *MARS* she wakes,
 His Helm she braces, and his Spear she shakes ; 30
 Then bids the God in Blood his Wrath assuage,
 And o'er the World relentless pour his Rage !
 Did not bright *PALLAS*, with her temper'd Shield,
 Stop his Advance,---and half dispute the Field.

All-ruling Heav'n, to plague a guilty Earth, 35
 First gave these arbitrary *Nimrods* Birth ;
 Who, deaf to Pity, see a World in Flame,
 And millions bleed to raise one Madman's Name !

See ! while the Trumpet eccho's from afar,
 And mad *BELLONA* wakes the rising War ! 40
 The *RHINE* and *DANUBE*, in their oozy Beds,
 Retiring creep, and hide their frighted Heads !
 While banish'd by the noisy Cannon's Roar,
 Fair *THEMIS* (2) flies, and seeks the *Asian* Shore ;
 Where calm *Euphrates* rolls her Silver Flood,
 Or *Tygris* flows unstain'd with human Blood ;
 There reaps the Native his abundant Grain,
 Nor sees Invasion spoil his peaceful Plain.
 Heav'ns !

Heav'ns! shall th' invidious *Cock* (3) the *Eagle*
plume?

While the pale *Crescents* (4) double *Light* assume: 50

Or shall divided *Europe* tear her *Breast*,

And leave an easy *Conquest* to the *East*?

No,--- rather let religious *Madness* reign!

Rage *holy Wars*! *Crusados* flame again!

To *Syria's* Strand let other *Godfreys* go, (5) 55

And waste their *Vengeance* on the *Arab-Foe*!

Wild tho' the *Fury*, unprovok'd the *War*,

Yet better it should vent its *Force* so far.

Then might rich *Lombardy* unwasted (6) smile,

And fair *Bohemia* blest her fertile *Soil*; 60

Then should the *Swede*, content with *Freedom's*
Charms,

No more provoke the potent *Russian's* *Arms*;

Nor *Gallic* *Gold* its wicked *Influence* boast,

And raise *Hostilities* on every *Coast*.

While thus dread *Mars*, from his ensanguin'd *Car*,

Pours wild *Affright*, and animates the *War*: 66
Pol-

Pollutes the Earth, and taints the chrystal Flood,
 With lawless Havoc, and with human Blood;
 Pleas'd in his Progress as he looks behind,
 To see the Ruin suit his savage Mind ; 70
 To view the chearful Marks of Labour broke,
 The Harvest vanish, and the Village smoke :
 Only the Peasant left,---spar'd to deplore
 His cruel Fate, and curse the Hand of Pow'r.
 While thus the God extends his potent Sway, 75
 From *Elbe* to *Rhine*, victorious in his Way !
 Say Heav'n-born PEACE, say where dost thou reside?
 What Nations blest thee ? or what Regions hide ?
 Where shall the *Muse* discover thy Retreat,
 And pay her willing Homage at thy Feet : 80

But hark ! what pleasing Sounds salute my Ears ?
 Methinks fair *Belgia* to my Sight appears ;
 Rais'd from her sea-green Couch,--a Matron-form !
 In Freedom great,---and braves the threat'ning
 Storm ;

“ Hither, (she cries with a majestic Air) 85

“ Let the Distress'd and Desolate repair !
 “ Here

“ Here *Peace* invites, sole Partner of my Throne,
 “ And calls these *happy Provinces* her own :
 “ This *Halcyon Clime* no rude Alarms infest,
 “ Here exil’d *Virtue* finds a welcome Rest ; 90
 “ *Peace* guards my Limits with her olive Wand,
 “ And *Arts* and *Riches* rise on every Hand ;
 “ The gladsome *Peasant* tills the fertile Plain,
 “ Assur’d in Safety to enjoy the Gain ;
 “ My wealthy *Merchants* trust their annual Store, 95
 “ To the known *Flag*, rever’d by every Pow’r.
 “ My Citizens, like those of antient *Tyre* !
 “ Behold ev’n Kings their Amity desire :
 “ My People all one general *Union* prove,
 “ Deriv’d from *Liberty*, fair Source of *Love* ! 100
 “ Hence *Commerce*, beauteous *Commerce* ! smiles to
 “ flow,
 “ As far as Ocean rolls, or Winds can blow !
 “ She spreads my Fame to either *India* wide,
 “ She brings back Treasures each alternate Tide !
 “ And long as Winds can waft, or Seas can flow, 105
 “ That Fame shall brighten, and that Plenty grow !
 Fair

Fair sounds this Language as the *Syren's* Strain,
But to *Precaution's* Ear it sounds in vain!

Experience uihers *Doubt* into the Breast,
And whispering, asks---“Is *Belgia* quite so blest? 110
“Or if no *Phantom* dress'd in fair Disguise,
“Instead of real *Peace* deludes our Eyes?

A *Shade* there is, *Security* her Name,
That oft misleads the most sagacious Aim ;
Lulls in false Rest the Rulers of a State, 115
And leads them blindfold on the Shelves of Fate !
So to th' unhappy *Palinurus'* (7) Eyes,
Appear'd the shadowy Shore, and painted Skies ;
No more his steddly Rudder rul'd the Deep,
Heav'n seal'd his Eye-lids in eternal Sleep ! 120
Nor had the *Trojans* touch'd th' *Etrurian* Realm,
If wise *Æneas* had not kept the Helm !

Peace is the Daughter of celestial Morn,
Whom *Virtue*, *Truth*, and *Liberty* adorn !

Security, the base-born Child of Hell, 125
 With whom *Corruption*, *Fraud*, and *Ruin* dwell:

In *Scythia's* (8) Waste beneath the polar Skies,
 Conceal'd from Day, a dreary *Region* lies!
 There Pines dark-shading form a double Night,
 Impervious to the smallest Glimpse of Light: 130
 Eternal Clouds enfold the gloomy Plain,
 And threaten to descend in Floods of Rain,
 No Mortal e'er approach'd the dismal Seat,
 Ev'n Beasts of Prey avoid the dread Retreat;
 Where two immortal Pow'rs their Empire keep, 135
 And *Silence* (9) reigns the consort-queen of *Sleep*.

Full in the Midst, an ice-crown'd Mountain's
 Head
 O'er *Zembla's* Ocean casts its lengthen'd Shade;
 Where in a spacious *Cave's* incircling Breast,
 The *God* compos'd, enjoys eternal Rest! 140
 There no Alarms his downy Slumbers wake,
 Infest his Quiet, or his Visions break;

For

For watchful *Silence*, Guardian of his Bed,
 Stills every Sound that might his Ease invade !
 While *Morpheus* hov'ring, with retentive Breath, 145
 Spreads round the Dome the Solitude of Death !
 Beneath his Feet, unfading *Poppies* bloom,
 And grateful shed their lulling mild Perfume ;
 Round which innumerable *Dreams* in millions play,
 Busy as *Bees* in *July's* Noontide Day ! 150
 Here they resort, and from the potent Juice,
 The visionary Scenes of Life produce ;
 But soon as chirps (10) the solemn *Bird* of Night,
Morpheus with Ebon Wand directs their Flight ;
 Softly he drives them thro' the darksome Port, 155
 And sends them o'er the peopled Earth to sport ;
 They fly,—no Obstacles retard their Way,
 Thro' Walls they penetrate, thro' Keyholes
 stray !
 Nor miss a Place where restless Mortals dwell,
 Down from the crowded City to the Cell. 160

Of these some chuse to haunt the *Domes* of State,
 And smile to see the Troubles of the Great ;

To show that Grandeur is a wretched Thing,
 Their rebel Hands dethrone the scepter'd King;
 While others sportive to his envy'd Place, 165
 Exalt the *Clown*, tho' born of lowly Race;
 The Monarch sighs!--he feels the Want of Pow'r,
 The Peasant smiles,--and is a Wretch no more!

Others to *Friendship's* Aid propitious move,
 And bless a Passion which they most approve; 170
 These wake the *Dead*, and to the mental Eyes,
 Bid the lost *Parent*, *Wife*, or *Brother* rise!
 With Joy we view the well remember'd Face,
 The Voice we hear,--the Shadow we embrace!
 So well these airy Players act their Part, * 175
 Not Truth more vivid Pleasure can impart;
 They know how feeble Mortals judge of Things,
 They sound our Hearts, and touch their tenderest
 Strings!

Our Hopes and Fears alternate *others* raise,
 And pain at will th'impassion'd Mind, or please; 180
 These the fond Lover's anxious Thoughts beguile,
 And paint a *Cloe's* Frown, or *Celia's* Smile;

Im-

Here point a Grace, diminish *there* a Charm,
 And Beauty's Pow'r or heighten, or disarm;
 To the despairing Youth in sweet Disguise; 185
 They bid the dear disdainful *Daphne* rise;
 No more her Form forbidding Terrors shroud,
 Nor thinks th'*Ixion* that he grasps a Cloud!
 What swelling Joys his raptur'd Heart o'erpow'r?
 How soft the sweet Delusion of an Hour! 190
 But see to *Damon*, *Delia* looks severe!
 How starts the Lover at the alter'd Fair?
 To see the Maid his tender Suit repress,
 With whom his waking Vows still found Success:
 Objects like these the am'rous *Sylphs* (11) delight, 195
 And form th' important Business of the Night!

To Courts the active *Salamanders* fly; (12)
 (The boldest Spirits that frequent the Sky)
 Sworn Foes to Peace! thro' *Palaces* they creep,
 And fire ev'n *Monarch's* in the Arms of Sleep; 200
 There paint *Ambition*, all in Glory drest,
 And lodge the *Syren* in the Royal Breast;

Sudden her Poison all the Mind inflames,
 And Conquests rise in sanguinary Dreams !
 The *Hero* awakens -- with disclosing Light,
 Summons his Troops, and meditates the Fight,
 The *Arsenals* their deadly Treasures pour,
Destruction smiles to see th' infernal Store !
Bellona scents the Carnage from afar,
 And hastens to enjoy the Spoils of War !

But of the Swarms, that haunt the *Scythian* Dome,
 The most pernicious is the artful *Gnome* ;
 These bred to Fraud, each varied Shape assume,
 Bask in the *Sun*, or glide along the *Gloom* !
 Children of *Earth*, from their parental Mine,
 They borrow *Gold* to tempt, (13) or *Gems* to shine ;
 In *Wisdom's* Dress their Purpose oft disguise,
 And cast a Mist before the *Patriot's* Eyes ;
 Or else in *Flattery's* painted Garb appear,
 And lisp Infection to the *Sovereign's* Ear !

Nor are Republicks from these *Demons* free,
 They strive to taint the Springs of *Liberty* ;
 Restless

Restless as *Wasps* that vex the *peaceful Hive*,
 On popular *Credulity* they thrive ;
 To raise *Distrust* and *Jealousy* delight, 225
 Or set true *Merit* in invidious *Light* ;
 Till *public Virtue* firm oppose her *Shield*,
 And drive the *Fiends*, victorious from the *Field*.

Or if the *Guardians* of a *Free-born State*,
 Neglect the weighty *Charge* assign'd by *Fate* ; 230
 If *those* in whom the publick *Weal* resides,
 Or *Interest* sways, or *lawless Pow'r* misguides ;
 If deep *Corruption* latent *Venom* sheds,
 And threatens *Ruin*, as the *Gangrene* spreads ;
 Sudden, these busy *Spirits* shew their *Art*, 235
 And fly to take the *ministerial Part* :
 " Were ever *Rulers* (they exclaim) so just ?
 " Were ever *Senators* more worthy *Trust* !
 " Safe may you rest in *Confidence* and *Ease*,
 " When blest with watchful *Ciceros*, (14) like
 " these ; 240
 So *Grave* harangue the *Crowd*, these wicked *Elves*,
 But *Men of Sense* are *Judges* for themselves.

If

If *Union* is the Blessing of the State,

If *Concord* makes a happy People great ;

That *Bliss* to undermine ; and blast the Joy, 245

These hellish *Engineers* their Skill employ. —

They whisper — “ *Freedom* is a tender Thing, 250

“ A *Stadtholder* (15) may rise, — and grow a King ;

“ Or what if you exclude the O — *—* Race ?

“ If petty *Tyrants* lord it in the Place ! 255

Does *Honesty* such envious *Shafts* repel ?

They call up *Discord* from her noisy Cell ;

And bid the *Fury*, with her poison'd Brand,

Drive heav'nly *Peace* from the distracted Land. 260

Of all the *Plagues* that speak a Nation curs'd

A *False Security* is sure the worst ! 265

Freedom, like *Sampson*, in her lewd Embrace

Sinks to *Repose*, nor sees his own *Disgrace* ;

In vain the blackening *Clouds* the *Skies* deform ;

In vain the wakening *Winds* forebode a *Storm* ! 270

In

But men of sense are judges for themselves.

note
for Jew

In vain the piercing *Clarian* sounds to Arms,

Th' insensate *Sleeper* slights its loud Alarms!

" *Peace, Peace* (she crys) and falters in her Voice)

" Eternal *Peace* for ever be my Choice

" Approach no martial Sounds my quiet Ear, 265

" The noblest *Triumphs* cost the World too dear?

" What tempts you to unsheath the cruel Sword?

" Repose with me, and take a *Neighbour's* Word:

" What tho' (16) his numerous *Squadrons* rise in

" View? *The End of the first*

note

" He promises — he means no hurt to you! 270

" Then spare your Toils, compose your troubled

" Breast!

" And taste with me the endless *Sweets* of Rest!

She speaks, -- when see a specious *Phantom* rise!

Whom all the Attributes of *Peace* disguise:

Her *Olive Branch* she waves with formal Air, 275

The *Cap* of Freedom hangs upon her *Spear*!

Around her all the busy *Demons* throng,

And sound her Praises as she moves along!

" *Belgians,*

" *Belgians, (they cry) your Guardian-Goddess bless!*

" *This, this is Peace,--the Cause of your Success! 280*

The cheated Crowd the shadowy Form adore,

Delusion smiles to see her growing Pow'r!

But soon to Scythia's Waste the Phantom flies,

Truth clears the Mist that veil'd the vulgar Eyes!

And rous'd by the awakening Hand of Fate, 285

The People mourn their Error when too late!

The End of the first Canto.





C A N T O II.

“ *Hei mihi ! qualis erat ? quantum mutatus ab illo*

“ *Hectore ? qui redit exuvias indutus Achilleï,*

“ *Vel Danaum Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignes !*

VIRG. ÆN. II.



H O rashly flights the Torch's friendly

Ray,

And chuses in the darksome Night to

stray !

Is neither more or less, by *Wisdom's* Rule,

Than *half* a Madman, or *almost* a Fool.

Instructed *Belgian* shun the blindfold State, 5

Bid *Reason* guide thee thro' the Rocks of Fate !

Fair *Lamp* of *Heav'n*, let her directing Light,

Thy Steps illumine, and conduct thee right !

Then see if *Peace* displays her heav'nly Beam,

Or if no vain Usurper boasts her Name ! 10

D

Let

Let no false Colours your Enquiry blind,
 Be *Truth* your Guide ! *Peace*, real *Peace*, to find.
 As the *chaste Virgin*, who with down-cast Eyes,
 At *Love's* first mention reddens with Surprize ;
 Differs from the experienc'd frontless Dame, 15
 Whose Eyes confess a *Messalina's* Flame ;
 So learn from *PEACE*, *Security* to know,
 And guard your *Safety* from the wanton *Foe* !

ROME scarce o'er ruin'd *Carthage* rais'd her Head,
 When with her *Manners* first her *Fame* decay'd ; 20
 No longer blameless *Poverty* her Boast,
 Her *Faith* grew dubious, and her *Honour* lost !
 Then first her rising *Glory* felt a Shade,
 Her *Valour* cool'd :-- No Rivals to invade.
Self-Interest grew, increasing *Vice* prevail'd ; 25
Prosperity her heavy Eye-lids seal'd ;
 And *she* who rose in *Arms* and *Virtue* great,
 Sunk the vast Prey of *Luxury* and *Fate*.

'Twas then *Security*,—a deadly Guest,
 First stood beneath her *Capitol* confess'd : 30
 “ *Romans*

“ *Romans* (she cry’d) enough of War is pass’d,
 “ Let *Peace* your happy Altars blefs at last ;
 “ *Commerce* and rich *Abundance* both are mine,
 “ I give the *Earth* to smile, the *Sun* to shine !
 “ Safe in my guardian Care yourselves repose, 35
 “ *ROME* is too great to dread the Name of Foes ;
 “ Her’s be the *Sweets* of *Riches* and of *Ease* !
 “ *Queen* of the Earth, and *Empress* of the Seas !

Had *Asia*’s Sons such Sophistry believed,
 No Wonder if th’Impostres had deceiv’d ! 40
 But when such Sounds deluded *Rome* could hear,
Rome ! that deriv’d her Majesty from War !
 What Blushes, *Mars*, must have obscur’d thy Face ?
 To see the Shame of thy degenerate Race !

Yet see, how sooth’d by these enchanting Arts, 45
 The curs’d Contagion spreads thro’ *Roman* Hearts !
 A feeble *Frontier* show’d her waning Pow’r,
Arms were forgot, and *Glory* was no more !
 Her *Tribunes* in the *Senate* chose to jar,
 SECURITY awak’d domestic War :

50
 No

No more her *Consuls* rose in *Virtue* great,
Wealth nurs'd *Ambition* ; and *Ambition* *State* ;
 To rise to *Honours* by the purchas'd *Voice*,
 Or make some distant *Government* their *Choice* ;
 Where the proud *Prætor* might the Nations fleece,
 And glean the Spoils of *Asia*, and of *Greece* !
 These were the *Arts* the *Roman* *Youth* were taught,
 To buy, then sell the *venal* *Herd* they bought :
 Those *Limbs* each manly *Exercise* disdain'd,
 Now *Vice* enfeebled, and *Disbonour* stain'd ;
 Then foreign *Eunuchs* from the *Memphian* Shore,
 Imported *Rites* obscene, *unknown* before.
 And *Virtue*, Guardian of the *Roman* *State*,
 Averse withdrew :--and left the rest to *Fate* !

The *Veteran*, then in Arms untaught to yield, 65
 If pensive as he cross'd the *Martian* (1) *Field* ;
 From the lewd Sons of Wantonness and Ease,
 Was forc'd to hear satyric Taunts like these.
 " Go, useless *Warrior* ! hide that batter'd Face,
 " Thy Looks the *Roman* *Elegance* disgrace ! 70
 " Peace,

- " *Peace*, and her softer Arts our Manners suit,
 " What is the *Soldier* but a fighting *Brute*?
 " *War* is no more! --we know no hostile Land!
 " The beardless *Boy* our *Legions* may command;
 " With harmless *Pomp* their *Ensigns* now may flow!
 " What is an Army paid for, but for Show? 76
 " Go bear thy Murmurs to the *Thracian* (2) Shore,
 " Where *Discord* reigns, and Waves eternal roar;
 " There to the savage Natives point thy Scars!
 " And teach *Barbarians* all thy boasted Wars; 80
 " Recount thy Deeds, relate the tedious Fight;
 " We want not to be *valiant*,--but *polite*!
 " Or hast thou got a Hoard of *Punic* Gold?
 " Go buy a *Post*, --for *Posts* are to be sold!
 " Else --glad obey the *Stripling* you despise, 85
 " This is no Age, my *Friend*, for you to rise!

The *Roman* now, who once with scorn could view,
 The *Pomp* of *Kings*, himself as sumptuous grew!
 Then first prevail'd *Magnificence* and *Dress*,
 And *Luxury* was heighten'd to Excess. 90

To

To please her *Taste*, and spread her costly *Board*,
 Each *Clime* was plunder'd, and each *Sea* explor'd ;
 As when at *Athens* (3) the *Cottytian* Rite
 In lawless *Pleasure* wak'd the tiresome Night,
 While ruddy *Bacchus* shew'd his glowing Face, 95
 And *Venus* wanton'd in the lewd Embrace.
 So *Vice* at *Rome* triumphant rear'd her Head,
 And every Shape of boundless *Licence* spread.
 Had *Curias* (4) from th' *Elysian* Fields return'd,
 How had his Breast with Indignation burn'd? 100
 To see a powder'd, dancing, motley Race,
Effeminacy mark'd in every Face !
 Methinks I hear him, with a conscious Frown,
 Ask, " Where is *Rome's* primæval *Virtue* gone ?
 Alas ! their Ears are Strangers to its Name, 105
 Their *Silence* speaks their *Ignorance* and *Shame*.

In early Days that blest'd the *Roman* State,
 'Twas virtuous *Poverty* confirm'd her great :
 But now *Security* has wrought her Bane,
 And *Wealth* and *Pride* have darken'd all the Scene ;

As

As sordid *Interest* sways your *Passions* move, 111
 And *Av'rice* has expell'd the *publick Love* !
 No *Nation* now can on your *Faith* rely,
 When all is sold---your *Idol-Gold* can buy !

If Truth a *Quintus* (5) or a *Decius* praise, 115
 You cry'--such Patterns suit not modern Days !
 " Those simple Manners *Sabines* might become,
 " But ill besit the Majesty of *Rome* !
 " A mere *Chimera* is the *Patriot's* Name,
 " *Ambition* be our Guide ! and *Wealth* our Aim ! 120
 " *Riches* each happy Quality include,
 " *Wit*, *Courage*, *Learning*, *Honesty*, and *Blood*
 " And he whom *Lands* or *Pow'r* distinguish great,
 " Has all the *Virtues* useful to the *State*.

Thus *publick Good* by *private Int'rest* sway'd, 125
 Neglected pin'd,---and dwindled to a Shade,
Corruption as it gain'd the venal Post,
 Strove of its *Bargain* still to make the most;
Av'rice the wealthy Province chose her Prey,
Exaction, *Rapine*, liv'd beneath her Sway : 130
 And

And the lax Sinews of a feeble State,
Were Marks of *Rome's* inevitable Fate.

Oh dire Effects of long *lethargic Ease*!
Did ever *Peace* produce such Ills as these?
Not *War* itself worse Dangers could create, 135
Not greater Mischiefs spring from a *Defeat*!
If *Peace* indeed attend such dreadful Harms,
Quick let the glorious *Trumpet* rouse to Arms!
Uncertain tho' the dubious *Chance* of Fight,
It throws the *Dye*, (6) and *Fate* may turn it right!
Better at least in Arms the Life to lose, 141
Than dream it thus away in dull Repose!
While *Senates* sleep regardless of your Fame,
And *Magistrates* make *Interest* all their Aim:
Tribunes to rust in Indolence are paid, 145
And ev'n your *Priests* make *Piety* a Trade;
While *Crimes* unpunish'd are with Pride declar'd,
And *Merit* starves, unnotic'd by *Reward*;
While *Impudence* her brazen Front displays,
Sure the *corrupt Majority* to please! 150

Or

Or if one *Cato* (7) rise to stem the Tide,
 And combat *single* on the juster Side,
Envy pursues him with her secret Arts,
 And whispers *Jealousy* to wing her Darts!
 " Believe him not (the vile *Detraction* cries) 155
 " His selfish *Heart* the *Patriot* Tongue belies!
 " He only makes the *publick Good* his *Theme*,
 " To catch the *Vulgar*, and to gain a *Name* !
 " But when *Preferment* shall the Mask remove,
 " You see how high he rates his *Country's Love* ; 160
 So snarls the *Fiend*,—till *Truth* victorious shine,
 And gilds *Integrity* with Beams divine !
 Pale *Envy* then recedes,---compell'd to yield,
 And leaves fair *Virtue* Sov'reign of the Field !

O *ROME* ! who in thy *Glory's* cloudless Morn, 165
 Couldst view the *Tyrants* of the *Earth* with Scorn !
 When *Kings* beheld thy *Senators* with Awe,
 And thy least *Mandate* gave the Nations Law !
 Dejected now from *Virtue's* radiant Height,
 Crush'd by thy own corrupted monstrous Weight,

See, like a dying Lamp, thy *Freedom* glow ; 171
 And wait *Ambition's* meditated Blow !
 Far sooner would I tread (8) *Catanea's* Shores,
 Where *Ætna* all her fierce Explosions pours ;
 Than longer chuse, degenerate *Rome*, to rest, 175
 A hopeless *Native*, in thy fatal Breast !

When *Virtue* once her *sacred Sense* withdraws,
 Weak is the Rev'rence paid to slighted *Laws* !
 Where Pow'r but courts the first advent'rous Hand ;
 Soon *Liberty* forsakes the dangerous Land ; 180
 So once the headstrong *Courser* breaks the Rein,
 No Skill his boundless Fury can restrain ;
 O'er *Earth* he flies, impetuous as the *Wind*,
 And leaves the *Car* in Fragments far behind !

If fell *Diseases* close besiege the *Heart*, 185
Self-preservation calls the Aids of *Art* ;
 So when bad *Symptoms* threat the publick *Peace*,
 'Tis Time to bid all *private Quarrels* cease ;
 With *Caution* to consult the *Common-weal*,
 And seek each great *Restorative* to heal ; 190
 Left

Left *Civil-War*, with Rage pleuretic rise,
 And spread its Conflagration to the Skies !
 Or wild *Invasion* like a *Deluge* sweep,
 And bury all in its devouring Deep ! 194

Happy had ROME those useful Maxims known,
 While yet her *Strength* and *Vigour* were her own ;
 But lull'd in false SECURITY she lay,
 And dos'd fair *Freedom's* last Remains away,
 Till, not one Spark of Virtue left to save,
 She sunk in *Death*,---*Corruption* dug her Grave ! 200

Then Clouds of *Civil Discord* thick arose,
Plagues follow'd *Plagues*, and *Woes* succeeded *Woes* !
Romans on *Romans* turn'd th' avenging Sword,
 And *millions* fell, that one might be the Lord !
 Till CÆSAR, Victor on *Pharsalia's* (9) Plain, 205
 Beheld the World subjected to his Chain ;
 And *Rome* enslav'd, discover'd to her Cost,
 That PEACE was fled, when Liberty was lost !

The End of the second Canto.



C A N T O I I I.

*Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus & Frater, sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet & rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.*

VIRG. GEOR. II.



UT close the *Muse* to darker *Scenes* her
Eyes,

While fairer *Views* in pleasing Prospect
rise !

Where *Peace* resides, and forms her subject State,
In *Liberty* serene, in *Virtue* great !

As when the *Pilot* sees the clouded Air, 5
He marks the *Compass* with attentive Care ;
Studious his well-directed *Course* to keep,
And guide his *Bark* in Safety thro' the Deep !
So guardian *Peace* one steady Aspect wears,
And for impending Danger calm prepares ! 10
Respect

That not the Arts of Fraud, nor Tyrant's Frown, 30
May force the *Goddeſs* to deſert the Throne!

On *Education* chief depends a *State*,
To riſe for *Wiſdom* fam'd, or *Valour* great;
Learn then with Care to form the riſing Youth,
To *Virtue's* Dictates, and the Rules of *Truth*; 35
Show, not for Self alone was *Man* deſign'd,
But giv'n to ſerve his Country, and his Kind;
Born for *Society's* important Ends,
To guard that *Peace* on which his own depends;
In vain, where *Principles* like theſe prevail, 40
Av'rice would tempt, or *Lust* of *Pow'r* affail;
Since *Precept* and *Example* both unite,
And ſteddy *Reason* ſhews her conſtant Light!
While to the Son, the uncorrupted Sire
Points all that can his Country's Love inſpire: 45
Tells, how for Freedom his Forefathers ſtood,
In Fields of Death, and lavish'd all their Blood!
How placid *Orange* (1) brav'd the Dart of Death,
And bleſs'd his Country with his dying Breath!

How

How *Trompe* (2) her Fame to distant *India* spread, 50
 How *Effens* triumph'd, (3) and *Van-Galen* bled ;
 Or godlike *NASSAU*, (4) on the Verge of Fate,
 Another *SCIPIO* rose to save the State,
Names dear alike to *Liberty* and *Fame*,
 Whose lasting *Virtues* endless Honours claim ; 55

As the skill'd *Artist*, in the glowing Mold,
 First pours, and then extracts the minted *Gold* ;
 Which if neglected, till the Heat o'erpass,
 Would still continue an unsightly Mass :
 So virtuous *Education* forms the Mind, 60
 And leaves for Life the beauteous Stamp behind !

Then to your Children in their early Days,
 Inculcate with Esteem the *Patriot's* Praise !
 Place these as *Models* to your manly Youth,
 And let your own Example prove the Truth : 65
 So shall your fair *Posterity* arise,
 Firm, uncorrupted, gen'rous, just and wise !
 Whose Steps their free-born Ancestors shall trace,
 Nor shame your *Counsels*, nor their Fame disgrace ;
 To

To *such* (when Age shall summon to the Grave,) 70
 With Joy your Rights intrusted shall you leave ;
 Which thus to latest Days delivered down,
 Your *Mem'ry* shall with spotless Honour crown !
 While *Peace* preserv'd by your distinguish'd Toil,
 Gilds with her placid Beams the *Belgic* Soil. 75

Bless'd is the Land, where *Rules* like these obtain !
 Where *Peace* and *Freedom* social Sway maintain :
 Where chief the *Welfare* of the *Whole's* persu'd,
 And every *Passion* yields to *publick Good*.
 There *Luxury* in vain her Charms displays, 80
 Or mad *Ambition* sheds her fatal Blaze !
 Calm *Temp'rance* smiles the *Syren* to repell,
Integrity the *Sorcerers* drives to Hell !
 There *Virtue* joys *Authority* to trust,
 That helps the *Innocent*, and crowns the *Just* ! 85
 Protects from *Wrong*, relieves the *Poor* distress'd,
 But punishes the Tyrant who oppress'd :
 There *Sov'reign Pow'r* in Goodness mild array'd,
 Wants no external *Forms* of Pomp to aid ;
 Blest

Blest in itself, demands no vain Supplies, 90

Is it attack'd? a grateful *People* flies!

Prepar'd and willing at its flightest Word,

The *Purse* to open, or unsheath the *Sword*.

So when *Eclipses* blot the radiant *Sun*,

With eager Zeal *Barbaric Nations* run ; 95

The Cymbal beat, each mystic Rite employ,

The *God* to succour, and the *Foe* destroy :

Till bursting thro' the envious Veil of Night,

He shines with Lustre prevalently Bright !

As when the *Eagle* courts the solar Ray, 100

The timorous *Hawk* at Distance eyes her Way !

So hellish *Discord* still withdraws her Face,

And hides her from the hateful Beams of *Peace* :

In vain th' infernal Hag would try her Arts,

On Minds well-principled, and generous Hearts. 105

Where *Equity*, with an impartial Hand,

Administers the *Laws* that bless the Land ;

Where heav'nly *Reason* with her temperate Light,

Teaches th' unbiass'd Mind to judge aright ;

F

There

There *Property* secure enjoys her own ; 110
 There *Conscience* sits untroubl'd on her Throne ;
 For every lawless *Passion* sprung of Night,
 Is aw'd by *Virtue*,—and abhors the Light.

See in yon distant Shade, all fierce with Scorn,
 Pale *Tyranny* her fruitless Projects mourn ! 115
 Hear how she howls ! distracted with Despair,
 To see her fancy'd *Triumphs* lost in Air !
 Vain is thy Rage, detested Monster ! vain ;

Peace views thee not with Pity,—but Disdain !
 Her Smiles are destin'd for the *virtuous Brave*, 120
 A *Title* never yet that grac'd a *Slave* :
 Should there in *Belgia* be one *Native* found,
 Deceived by thee, who trod the injur'd Ground,
 The *Wretch* that Hour should yield his forfeit Breath,
 And expiate his Disgrace by shameful Death. 125

Where guardian *Wisdom* in the *Senate* shines,
 In vain *Conspiracy* prepares her Mines ;
 One watchful *Tully* (5) at the Helm of State,
 Can still a thousand *Cataline*'s defeat.

When

When *Justice* is to Rank or Favour blind, 130
 And guilty *Greatness* can no Mercy find ;
 Then *Vice* discourag'd quits the dangerous Ground,
 Nor is the *Villian*, or the *Traitor* found ;
 If *Tyranny* her baffled Arts withdraws, 134
 And fires some hair-brain'd *Monarch* in her Cause ;
 Who while the specious Name of *Friend* he wears,
 Already black *Invasion's* Storm prepares ;
 Clear-sighted *Peace* the Artifice discries,
 Disdains the Flattery, and the Threat defies ;
 Nor trusts her Safety to such dubious Things, 140
 The *Word* of *Statesmen*, or the *Faith* of *Kings* ;
 Whom *History* from long Experience knows,
 The Enemies of *Freedom* and *Repose* !

Tho' cautious thus against impending Harm,
Peace never arms, till long provok'd to arm ! 145
 To *Treaties* just, she sees not all the same,
 Nor can her Truth, a faithless World reclaim ;
 Yet when some neighb'ring Prince prepares for Fight,
 And Troops assembling gather in her Sight !

Soon

Soon *she* advances with determin'd Air, 150
 And asks the Motives of the purpos'd War ;
 If *Silence* speaks her Apprehensions just,
 In righteous Jove, the Goddess puts her Trust ;
 Assumes like PALLAS her celestial Shield,
 And issues out undaunted to the Field ! 155

While *Virtue* thus gives *Resolution* Force,
Injustice stops her meditated Course ;
 'Till *Fear* and *Interest*, pow'rful Reasons ! join,
 And whisper her to drop the rash Design.

As when some *Diamond* in Perfection fair, 160
 Conceal'd the Owner keeps, with watchful Care ;
 Least tempted by the Sight, some Hand unknown,
 Might snatch a Prize intended for a Crown !
 So *Freedom* over *Peace* intent presides,
 And in her Breast the dear *Palladium* (6) hides. 165
 For *her* the *Merchant* grateful parts his Store,
 Assur'd her Bounty can repay him more :
 For *her* the *Farmer* braves the doubtful Fight,
 Whose Smile alone his Toils can best requite ;
 Each

Each *Age, Condition, Sex* her Cause maintains, 170
 Bless'd while she's safe, and happy while she reigns;
 All fly to aid, to save her in Distress,
 And Pray'rs unnumber'd rise for her Success!

Thus when the *Goddeſs* grows by Insult warm,
 No Arts can sooth her, no Bravade disarm! 175
 Firm she persists to guard the publick Good,
 And if she sets, ---she sets in Seas of Blood!
 Or chain'd Ambition captive at her Car
 Dejected glooms, and mourns the threaten'd War!
 For soon *Injustice, Opposition* breaks, 180
 And *Slav'ry* shrinks, when *Liberty* awakes.

In pathless Woods where *Beasts of Prey* reside,
 And unmolested range the *Forest* wide,
 Did ever *Fox* presume on *Wolf* to prey?
 Or *Bear* attack the *Lyon* on his Way! 185
 No :---conscious they confess *superior Pow'r*,
 And seek whom *Nature* gives them to devour!
 So when with fiercest *Rage Ambition* beams,
Virtue's Repulse soon cools her lawless Flames;
 From

From base *Subjection*, Pow'r tyrannic grows, 190
 But shrinks abash'd, if *Freedom* firm oppose.
 Her Voice the Demon with Aversion hears,
 But let her hate it, welcome (7) so the fears!
 But give to false *Security* the Rein,
 Soon *Servitude* creeps in with all her Train; 195
 And if that Poison once the State infest,
 'Tis only Death can give the *Subject* Rest.

Thus heav'nly *Peace* from every Danger guards,
 Protects from *Faction*, from Invasion wards;
 With thoughtful Care the State of Things she eyes,
 "And marks what Stars of Empire set and rise; (8) 201
 Observes which shine with kind, or baneful Light,
 And by their Course directs her Conduct right;
 True to her Faith, she keeps her plighted Word,
 Averse to Blood,---she draws the righteous Sword;
 But when her antient *Friends* Assistance claim, 206
 Those, who upheld (9) her Infancy of Fame!
 In spite of Art, and every false Disguise,
 In spite of Force she to their Succour flies;
 She

She knows, that *Probity* once left behind, 210

No longer shines *Integrity* of Mind !

Virtue was only giv'n to bless the *Brave*,

Fear is of *Guilt* :--the *Coward* is still a *Slave* !

Why then these close *Intrigues*, --- these artful

Snares ?

Why meddle *Foreigners* with (10) our *Affairs* ? 215

If dark *Ambition* link the destin'd Chain, |

Quick let us arm, and make her *Labour* vain ;

Let *Vigilance* each latent *Ill* oppose,

An *Hour* of *Freedom* is too much to lose !

If we must fight, 'tis for the noblest End, 220

Peace to preserve, and *Property* defend ;

Nor grieve we, tho' our dearest *Blood* should flow,

To guard the highest *Blessing* *Man* can know !

Thus when ensanguin'd *Mars* retires to Rest,

And *Venus* lulls the *Warrior* on her Breast, 225

Tho' no *Alarms* the troubled *Nations* shake,

Yet *Prudence* bids experienc'd *Peace* awake !

Nor in her *Limits* give the *Demon* Place,

Whose deadly *Arts* occasion'd *Rome's* *Disgrace*.

Im-

Impartial *Justice* guards her gentle Sway, 230
 The Laws which *all* advantage, *all* obey;
Peace ne'er bestows her delegated Trust,
 But on the *wise*, the *honest*, and the *just* :
 Her Favours *Fraud* and *Interest* sue in vain,
 And *Impudence* she treats with calm Disdain! 235
 While modest *Merit* from its silent Shade,
 She calls to set in *Honour's* Light display'd :
 Nor are her Sons more known for *Manners chaste*,
 Than *Learning's* Stores, and *Elegance of Taste* :
 In all her Councils *PALLAS* still presides, 240
 Directs her Measures, and her Conduct guides ;
 Which, like the faithful *Needle* to the *Pole*,
 Directive points the *Welfare* of the *Whole* !

There boundless *Commerce* spreads the busy Sail,
 And rich *Abundance* swells each friendly Gale ; 245
Sloth hides abashed her discontented Head,
 While *Industry* and *Manufactures* spread ;
 There potent Gold serves no unrighteous End,
 Nor *Wealth* despises *Virtue* for its Friend ;
Prosperity

Prosperity with *Equity* combines, 250
 And each with fair *Effulgence* gently shines :
Pow'r smiles in clear *Integrity* array'd,
 And *Honesty* renews the *Life of Trade* :
 The *Lawyer* there defends no wrongful Cause,
 Nor to By-Ends the *Priest* Religion draws ! 255
 Those happy *Climes* ne'er civil Discord found,
 Nor social Blood e'er stain'd the spotless Ground !
 The *Peasant*, as he ploughs with calm Delight ;
 No Bones (the Marks of former Slaughters) fright ;
 But when the *Harvest* comes, with joyful Eyes 260
 He sees the plenteous Gifts of *Ceres* rise !
 And all the Care his peaceful Bosom knows,
 Is where to lodge the *Plenty* Heav'n bestows.

Thrice happy Land ! where *Peace* distinguish'd
 reigns,
 And gilds with *Happiness* the smiling Plains ; 265
 Oh favour'd People ! while no Clouds impend,
 Precaution'd, against future Ills defend.
 When all the Sky a chearful Aspect wears,
 The careful Pilot for the Storm prepares.

So while no Woes th' untroubled *State* alarm, 270
 Let *Discipline* preserve your *Virtue* warm;
 That so *Invasion* if she comes unseen,
 May stand repell'd,—and leave your *Bounds* serene.

Like *Arms* with cankering *Rust* no longer bright,
 Let not your *Laws* unactive shed their *Light*; 275
 Still let the *Punishment* the *Crime* attend,
 Nor *Wealth* corrupt, nor *Pow'r* itself defend!
 So shall your *Foes*, your steddied *Virtue* dread,
 More than if *Plains* your numerous *Armies* spread;
 Nor let *Security*, empoison'd *Guest*, 280
 Infold your *Eyes* in her destructive *Rest*!

What *Sight* can penetrate th' *Event* to come,
 Or tell dark *Fate's* irrevocable *Doom*?
 Oft have I seen in *Autumn's* cloudless *Day*,
 When *Earth* appear'd in all her *Splendor* gay! 285
 With sudden *Rage*, impetuous (7) *Æolus* rise,
 Unchain the *Winds*, and darken all the *Skies*!
 Rapid as *Light*, th' invading *Storm* came on,
 And from th' astonish'd *Eye* eclips'd the *Sun*;
 Who

Who as displeas'd to see the Ruin made, 290

In gloomy Clouds, abhorrent veil'd his Head,

While rattling thick o'er the benighted Plain,

Dissolv'd the Tempest in a Flood of Rain !

The mournful *Peasant* from his Hut surveys,

The wild Uproar with Horror and Amaze ; 295

Marks how the Inundation gathering spreads,

And sweeps his *Cattle* from the level Meads !

While o'er his Head the awful Thunders shake,

Thro' the thick Gloom redoubled Light'nings

break !

Each *Beast* of *Prey* affrighted seeks his Cave ; 300

Then guilty *Breasts* with conscious Terrors heave ;

And while *Jove's* angry Bolts tremendous roll,

Celestial Vengeance awes the *Tyrant's* Soul !

But *Peace*, preventive, wards th' approaching

Storm,

Her Face no Fears disturb, no Clouds deform ;

Delighted *Nations* bless her Guardian Sway, 306

“ *She gives a double Pleasure to the Day !* (8)

For

For her rewarded *Labour* grateful toils;
 And every *Muse-like Art* encourag'd smiles;
 Gay looks the *World*, as when bestow'd of old
Saturnian Years their radiant Courses roll'd;

So when the *April Show'r* with balmy Dews,
 The *Spring* awakens, and the *Earth* renews;
 Each verdant *Flow'r* uprears its chearful Head,
 And *Zephyrs* mild th' ambrosial Odours spread!
 While the fair *Sun* declining to the Main,
 With inexpressive Charms adorns the Scene;
 A conscious Pleasure steals upon the Breast,
 Composing every anxious Care to Rest:
 Majestic *Nature* shows her beauteous Face,
 And wafts around the Joys of heav'nly PEACE!



The End of the Poem.

